

THE
SEASONS.

BY

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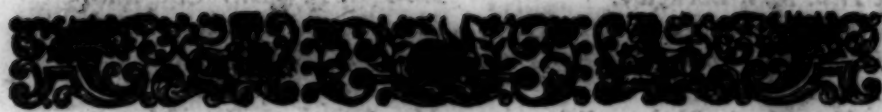


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ERRATA.

Page 13, Line 234. r. *scatter*. 41, 801. r. *unremitting*. 77, 349, for *Streams*, r. *Stams*. 82, 452.
r. *warn*. 117, 1128. r. *begins*. 137, 241. r. *stem*. 169, 284. for *she*, r. *s*. 210, 473. for *swr*, r.
lower. 219, 663. before *defolation*, r. *in*. 222, 725. for *skiting*, r. *skating*.

•THE ARGUMENT.

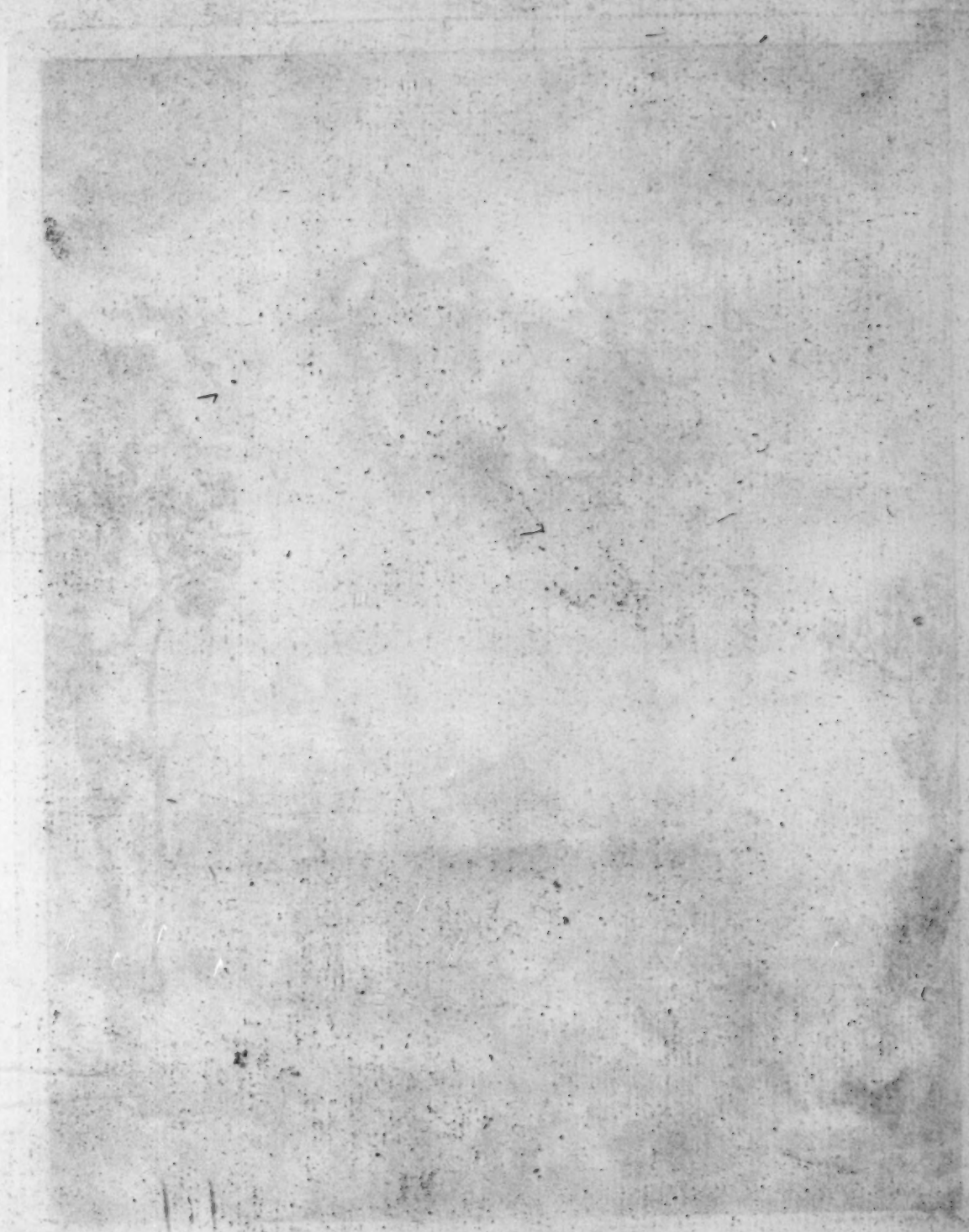
S P R I N G.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Countess of *Hartford*.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Inscribed to Lady HARTFORD. This Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a purer and more reasonable kind.



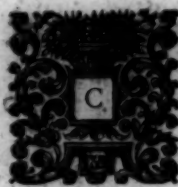


W. Kent inv et del.

H. J. Goussier fecit.



S P R I N G



COME, gentle SPRING, ETHEREAL MILDNESS, come,

And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,

While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!

O HERTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts,

With unaffected grace; or walk the plain,

With INNOCENCE and MEDITATION join'd

In soft assemblage; listen to my song,

That thy own season paints; when NATURE all

Is blooming, and benevolent like thee

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale :
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

AS yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
 The Bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
 The Plovers theirs, to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

AT last from ARIES rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright BULL receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,

But

But full of life, and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting nature, and his lusty steers, 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plow
 Lies in the furrow loos'n'd from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song, and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the Ground.
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man
 Has done his due. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor, ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.
 'Twas such as these the rural MARO sung 55
 To the full ROMAN court, in all its height
 Of elegance and taste. The sacred plow
 Employ'd the kings and fathers of mankind,
 In antient times. And some, with whom compar'd
 You're but the beings of a summer's day, 60
 Have held the scale of justice, shook the lance
 Of mighty war, then with descending hand,
 Unus'd to little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

YE generous BRITONS, cultivate the plow! 65
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales;

Let

S P R I N G.

5

Let AUTUMN spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the sea,
 Far thro' his azure, turbulent extent,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores 70
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations cloath,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world. 75

NOR thro' the lenient air alone, this change
 Delicious breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth 80
 In various hues, but chiefly thee, gay GREEN!
 Thou smiling NATURE'S universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight!

FROM

FROM the moist meadow to the brown-brow'd hill, 85
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd, 90
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
 While the deer ruffle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By NATURE'S swift and secret-working hand, 95
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smook, and sleep, and noisom damps, 100
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the lucid drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the fuming maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;

S P R I N G.

7

Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend 105
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
 And see the country far-diffus'd around
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
 Travels from joy to joy, and, hid beneath 110
 The fair profusion, yellow AUTUMN spics.

IF brush'd from RUSSIAN wilds a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his foggy wings
 The bitter mildew, or dry-blowing breathe
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast, 115
 The full-blown SPRING thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Into a smutty, wide-dejected waste.
 For oft engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat 120
 Thro' buds, and bark, into the blacken'd Core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! scarce seen,
 Save by the prying eye ; yet famine waits
 On their corrosive course, and kills the year.

Sometimes

Sometimes o'er cities as they steer their flight,
 Where rising vapour melts their wings away,
 Gaz'd by th' astonish'd crowd, the horrid shower
 Descends. And hence the skilful farmer chaff,
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smok, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls;
 Or onions, steaming hot, beneath his trees
 Exposés, fatal to the frosty tribe:
 Nor, from their friendly task, the busy bill
 Of little trooping birds instinctive scares.

THESE are not idle philosophic dreams,
 Full NATURE swarms with life. Th' unfaithful fen
 In putrid steams emits the livid cloud
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams never found a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. The stone,
 Hard as it is, in every winding pore
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,

Which

Which dance unnumber'd to th' inspiring breeze, 145
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 150
 Each liquid too, whether of acid taste,
 Potent, or mild, with various forms abounds.
 Nor is the lucid stream, nor the pure air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy they seem,
 Devoid of theirs. Even animals subsist 155
 On animals, in infinite descent;
 And all so fine adjusted, that the loss
 Of the least species would disturb the whole.
 Stranger than this th' inspective glass confirms,
 And to the curious gives th' amazing scenes 160
 Of lessening life; by WISDOM kindly hid
 From eye, and ear of man: for if at once
 The worlds in worlds enclos'd were push'd to light,
 Seen by his sharpen'd eye, and by his ear
 Intensely bended heard, from the choice cate, 165

The freshest viands, and the brightest wines,
 He'd turn abhorrent, and in dead of night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

THE North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
 Within his iron caves, th' effusive South 170
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining æther ; but by fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails 175
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling thick
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope, and every joy, 280
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd 185

S P R I N G.

11

In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense, 190
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, expansive, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 195
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimply pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 200
 In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
 'Tis scarce to patter heard, the stealing shower,
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while HEAVEN descends, 205
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,

And fruits, and flowers, on NATURE'S ample lap ?
 Imagination fir'd prevents their growth,
 And while the verdant nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 210

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out illustrious from amid the flush 215
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far-smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 220
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods ; their every musick wakes,
 Mix'd in wild consort with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, th' unnumber'd bleatings of the hills, 225
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,

Whence

Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ætherial bow
 Shoots up immense! and every hue unfolds, 230
 In fair proportion, running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, mighty NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Are, as they scatter'd round, thy numerous prism,
 Untwisting to the philosophic eye 235
 The various twine of light, by thee pursu'd
 Thro' the white mingling maze. Not so the swain,
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 240
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade; and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give again,
 Transmuted soon by Nature's chymistry, 245
 The blooming blessings of the former day.

THEN

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of BOTANIST to number up their tribes ;
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale 250
 In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has NATURE flung 255
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? Who pierce
 With vision pure into these secret stores 260
 Of life, and health, and joy ? The food of man
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unflafh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 265
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THEN the glad morning wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted men, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath her sacred beam.
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away, 270
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round ; and dance, and sport,
 Wisdom, and friendly talk successive stole 275
 Their Hours away. While in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 Replete with bliss, and only wept for joy.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed
 Was known among these happy sons of heaven ; 280
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clean shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun

Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds
 Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
 The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
 Which when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lyon saw, his horrid heart
 Was meekn'd, and he join'd his fullen joy
 For musick held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the joyous heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were these prime of days.

THIS TO THE POETS gave the golden age;
 When, as they sung in elevated phrase,
 The sailor-pine had not the nations yet
 In commerce mix'd; for every country teem'd
 With every thing. Spontaneous harvests wav'd,
 Still in a sea of yellow plenty round.
 The forest was the vineyard, where untaught
 To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy grape
 Burst into floods of wine. The knotted oak

Shook

Shook from his boughs the long transparent streams 305
 Of honey, creeping thro' the matted grafs.
 Th' uncultivated thorn a ruddy shower
 Of fruitage shed, on such as fat below,
 In blooming ease, and from brown labour free,
 Save what the copious gathering, grateful, gave. 310
 The rivers foam'd with nectar ; or diffuse,
 Silent, and soft, the milky maze devolv'd.
 Nor had the spongy, full-expanded fleece,
 Yet drunk the TYRIAN die. The stately ram
 Shone thro' the mead, in native purple clad, 315
 Or milder saffron ; and the dancing lamb
 The vivid crimson to the sun disclos'd.
 Nothing had power to hurt ; the savage soul,
 Yet untransfus'd into the tyger's heart,
 Burn'd not his bowels, nor his gamesome paw 320
 Drove on the fleecy partners of his play :
 While from the flowery brake the serpent roll'd
 His fairer spires, and play'd his pointles tongue.

BUT now what'er these gaudy fables meant,
 And the white minutes which they shadow'd out, 325
 Are found no more amid those iron times,
 Those dregs of life ! in which the human mind
 Has lost that harmony ineffable,
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
 Is off the poise within ; the passions all 330
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Anger storms at large,
 Without an equal cause ; and fell revenge
 Supports the falling rage. Close envy bites 335
 With venom'd tooth ; while weak, unmanly fear,
 Full of frail fancies, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pleasing anguish pining at the heart.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief, 340
 Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,

From

From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind 345
 With endless storm. Whence, inly-rankling, grows
 The selfish thought, a listless concern,
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and malice, winding wiles,
 Sneaking deceit, and coward villany : 350
 At last deep-rooted hatred, lewd reproach,
 Convulsive wrath, and thoughtless fury, quick
 To deeds of vilest aim. Even Nature's self
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE in old time, they say, a deluge came ; 355
 When the disparting orb of earth, that arch'd
 Th' imprison'd deep around, impetuous rush'd,
 With ruin inconceivable, at once
 Into the gulph, and o'er the highest hills
 Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast : 360
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE SEASONS since, as hoar TRADITION tells,
 Have kept their constant chace ; the WINTER keen
 Pour'd out his waste of snows ; and SUMMER shot 365
 His pestilential heats : great SPRING before
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
 In social sweetness on the self-same bough.
 Clear was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd ; save what the zephyrs bland 370
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;
 Sound slept the Waters : no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth :
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs, 375
 Sat not pernicious on the springs of life.
 But now, from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,
 And hot to cold, in restless change revolv'd,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 The fleeting shadow of a winter's sun. 380

AND

AND yet the wholesom herb neglected dies
 In lone obscurity, unpriz'd for food;
 Altho' the pure, exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment, and health, salubrious breathes,
 By HEAVEN infus'd, along its secret tubes. 385
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
 Is now become the lyon of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer, 390
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung, and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breasts.
 But MAN, whom NATURE form'd of milder clay, 395
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
 And beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form ! 400
 Who

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in blood? The beast of prey,
 'Tis true, deserves the fate in which he deals.
 Him, from the thicket, let the hardy youth 405
 Provoke, and foaming thro' the awakened woods
 With every nerve pursue. But you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done? Ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? You, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 410
 Against the winter's cold? Whose usefulness
 In living only lies? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
 Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the land 415
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And wrestling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clowns he feeds? And that perhaps
 To swell the riot of the gathering feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 420
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,

In

In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd,
 Light on the numbers of the SAMIAN sage.
 High HEAVEN beside forbids the daring strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state, 425
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

BUT yonder breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth, that daubing all
 Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint
 Like NATURE? Can IMAGINATION boast, 430
 Amid his gay creation, hues like hers?
 And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lay them on so delicately fine,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 435
 Unequal fails beneath the lovely task;
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where finds words
 Ting'd with so many colours? And whose power
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, these aromatic gales, 440
 Which inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET,

YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
 Oh come, and while the rosy-footed MAY 445
 Steals blushing on, together let us walk
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to deck the braided hair,
 And the white bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE, where the winding vale her lavish stores, 450
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lilly drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank
 Profusely climbs. Turgent, in every pore
 The gummy moisture shines; new lustre lends, 455
 And feeds the spirit that diffusive round
 Refreshes all the dale. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans : ARABIA cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence 460

Breathes

Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the meadow worthless of our foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of NATURE, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic ART, she spreads 465
 Unbounded beauty to the boundless eye.
 'Tis here that their delicious task the bees,
 In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,
 This way, and that, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube, 470
 Its soul, its sweetness, and its manna suck.
 The little chymist thus, all-moving HEAVEN
 Has taught: and oft, of bolder wing, he dares
 The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
 And yellow loads him with the luscious spoil. 475

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 480

Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted darts ;
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now
 Dimpling along; the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest running round, the rising spire,
 Th' æthereal mountain, and the distant main. 485
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along the blushing borders, dewy-bright,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed SPRING unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first, 490
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 Dew-bending cowslips, and of nameless dyes
 Anemonies, auriculas a tribe
 Peculiar powder'd with a shining sand,
 Renunculas, and iris many-hued. 495
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her gayest freaks : from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they BREAK
 On the charm'd FLORIST'S eye, he curious stands, 500
 And new-flush'd glories all ecstatic marks.

Nor hyacinths are wanting, nor junquils
 Of potent fragrance, nor narcissus white,
 Nor strip'd carnations, nor enamel'd pinks,
 Nor shower'd from every bush the damask-rose. 505

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of NATURE, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, MIGHTY BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail! 510
 To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts
 Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE, the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, 515
 Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew.
 By THEE dispos'd into cogential soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command, the vernal sun awakes 520
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root

By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

ASCENDING from the vegetable world 525
 To higher life, with equal wing ascend,
 My panting muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody 530
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of SPRING, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, THE PASSION OF THE GROVES.

JUST as the spirit of love is sent abroad, 535
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on their hearts
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows 540
 The

The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings 545
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Thick-wove, and tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within, 550
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening PHILOMELA deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought 555
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these, 560
 Thousands beside, thick as the covering leaves

They

They warble under, or the nitid hues
 That speck them o'er, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, 565
 Here aid the confort : while the Stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their gaiety, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 Which even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts 570
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in fluttering courtship pour
 Their little souls before her. Wide around,
 Respectful, first in airy rings they rove, 575
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd 580
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck

Retire

Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
 And throwing out the last efforts of love,
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire. 585

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, each as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
 That NATURE'S great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 590
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Resolve to trust their young. The clefted tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few, 595
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
 Others apart far in the grassy dale
 Their humble texture weave. But most delight
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook, 600
 Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,

When

When for a season fix'd. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful manner laid, 605
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But hurry hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Ingeniously intent. Oft from the back 610
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair, and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn the straw; till soft, and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits, 615
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings 620
 The tedious time away; or else supplies

Her

Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
 Warm'd, and expanded into perfect life, 625
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. Oh what Passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care
 Seize the new parents' hearts? Away they fly 630
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. So pitiful, and poor,
 A gentle pair on providential HEAVEN 635
 Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR is the courage of the fearful kind,
 Nor is their cunning less, should some rude foot
 Their woody haunts molest; stealthy aside 640
 Into the centre of a neighbouring bush

They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive
 The rambling school-boy. Hence around the head
 Of traveller, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on 645
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt you from her nest. The wild-duck hence
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray. 650

BE not the muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull, 655
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that luscious wildness in their notes
 That warbles from the beech. Oh then desist,
 Ye friends of harmony! this barbarous art
 Forbear, if innocence and musick can 660
 Win on your hearts, or piety persuade.

BUT

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when returning with her loaded bill, 665
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ; 670
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough
 Sad-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till wide around the woods 675
 Sigh at her song, and with her wail resound.

AND now the feather'd youth their former bounds
 Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky.
 But this glad office more, and then dissolves 680
 Parental love at once ; for needless grown,

Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes 685
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
 ON NATURE'S common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still, 690
 In loose libration stretch'd, the void abrupt
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden; and their self-taught wings 695
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead
 Farther and farther on the lengthning flight;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life, and action, in the void 700
 Th' exoner'd parents see their soaring race,
 And once rejoicing, never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the green sea, grudging at its base,
 The royal eagle draws his young, resolv'd 705
 To try them at the sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
 As burnish'd day, they up the blue sky wind,
 Leaving dull sight below, and with fixt gaze
 Drink in their native noon: the father-king
 Claps his glad pinions, and approves the birth. 710

AND should I wander to the rural seat,
 Whose aged oaks, and venerable gloom,
 Invite the noisy rook; with pleasure there,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen 715
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train, 720
 Rows garrulous. The stately-failing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,

And,

And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and beats you from the bank,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh, 725
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in floating majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls 730
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins 735
 The bull, deep-scorcht, receives the raging fire.
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce-seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his brawny back the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood 740
 Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:

For,

For, wrapt in mad imagination, he
 Roars for the fight, and idly butting, feigns
 A rival gor'd in every knotty trunk. 745
 Such should he meet, the bellowing war begins ;
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning vast th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, redolent, in view 750
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding whip ;
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy, to distant plains 755
 Attracted strong, all wild, he bursts away ;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,
 And neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' informing gale ; then steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills, 760
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd streams
 Turns in black eddies round : Such is the force
 With which his frantick heart, and sinews swell.

NOR,

NOR, undelighted by the boundless SPRING,
 Are the broad monsters of the boiling deep: 765
 From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd,
 They flounce, and tumble in unweildy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
 How the red lionsess, her whelps forgot 770
 Amid the thoughtless fury of her heart;
 The lank rapacious wolf; th' unshapely bear;
 The spotted tyger, fellest of the fell;
 And all the terrors of the LIBYAN swain,
 By this new flame their native wrath sublim'd, 775
 Roam the resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, transported, to the BRITISH fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 780
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way, and that, convolv'd in friskful glee,
 Their

Their little frolicks play. And now the race 785
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in antient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 790
 Lost in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid, indissoluble state,
 Where WEALTH and COMMERCE lift their golden head,
 And o'er our Labours, LIBERTY and LAW
 Illustrious watch, the wonder of a world! 795

O WHAT IS THIS MIGHTY BREATH, ye curious, say,
 Which, in a language rather felt than heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breasts
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?
 Inspiring GOD! who boundless spirit all, 800
 And unremitted energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work, with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex, amazing scheme of things; 805
 But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing author in his works appears;
 His grandeur in the heavens: the sun, and moon,
 Whether that fires the day, or falling, this
 Pours out a lucid softness o'er the night; 810
 Are but a beam from him. The glittering stars,
 By the deep ear of meditation heard,
 Still in their midnight watches sing of him.
 He nods a calm. The tempest blows his wrath,
 Roots up the forest, and o'erturns the main. 815
 The thunder is his voice; and the red flash
 His speedy sword of justice. At his touch
 The mountains flame. He takes the solid earth,
 And rocks the nations. Nor in these alone,
 In every common instance GOD is seen; 820
 And to the man, who casts his mental eye
 Abroad, unnotic'd wonders rise. But chief
 In thee, boon SPRING, and in thy softer scenes,
 The SMILING GOD appears; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty, which infills 825

Into

Into the brutes this temporary thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness, and joy.

o STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of SPRING on man; 836
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.

Can he forbear to smile with NATURE? Can
 The stormy passions in his bosom rowl,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 835
 Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing SPRING, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling, of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away.

But come, ye generous breasts, in whose wide thought, 840
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY, most,
 Divinely burns; and on your open front,
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest want. Nor only fair,
 And easy of approach; your active search 845

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows SPRING abroad; for you the teeming clouds **850**
 Descend in buxom plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun spreads his genial blaze for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Sad-pining sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exhorts **855**
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. **860**
 By small degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last arriv'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD, to see a happy world. **865**

'TIS HARMONY, that world-attuning power,
 By which all beings are adjusted, each
 To all around, impelling, and impell'd,
 In endless circulation, that inspires
 This universal smile. Thus the glad skies, 376
 The wide-rejoycing earth, the woods, the streams,
 With every LIFE they hold, down to the flower
 That paints the lowly vale, or insect-wing
 Wav'd o'er the shepherd's slumber, touch the mind
 To nature tun'd, with a light-flying hand, 375
 Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the nerves,
 The glittering spirits in a flood of day.

HENCE from the virgin's cheek, a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth; 386
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away, 385

Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
 Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading eye,
 In meek submission drest, deject, and low, 890
 But full of tempting guile. Let not the tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd wills. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round, 895
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies; and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul
 Is wrapt in dreams of ecstasy, and bliss;
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven, 905

Lurk

Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

○ **EVEN** present, in the very lap of love 910
 Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning twinge
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still, 915
 And great design against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic pangs arrons'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life? 920
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd **SPRING**

To weeping fancy pines, and yon bright arch 925
 Of heaven, low-bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious Friends, 930
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and inattentive. From the tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, born away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair; 935
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholly site, with head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms, 940
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
 Romantic hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze 945

With

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train 950
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beams,
 With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world,
 And all the sons of care, lie hush'd in sleep, 955
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line 960
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch, 965
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps

Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene. 970
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding, flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his thousand cares 975
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast, 980
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
 Wild as a Bacchanal she spreads her arms,
 But strives in vain, borne by th' outrageous flood 985
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

Then

Then a weak, wailing, lamentable cry
 Is heard, and all in tears he wakes, again
 To tread the circle of revolving woe. 990
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmixt, incessant rage, 995
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's Paradise. Ye fairy prospects then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departing peace,
 Shine out your last ! The yellow-tinging plague 1000
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ay then instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1005
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire,
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, fits,

And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears,
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming pine.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving a moment's ease. Reflection pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of feavor'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind 1030
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts his softest Power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will, 1040
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1045
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess 1050

Of

Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements, in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature, live,
 Disdaining fear ; for what's the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1055
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1060
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1065
 The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care :
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1070
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

S P R I N G.

55

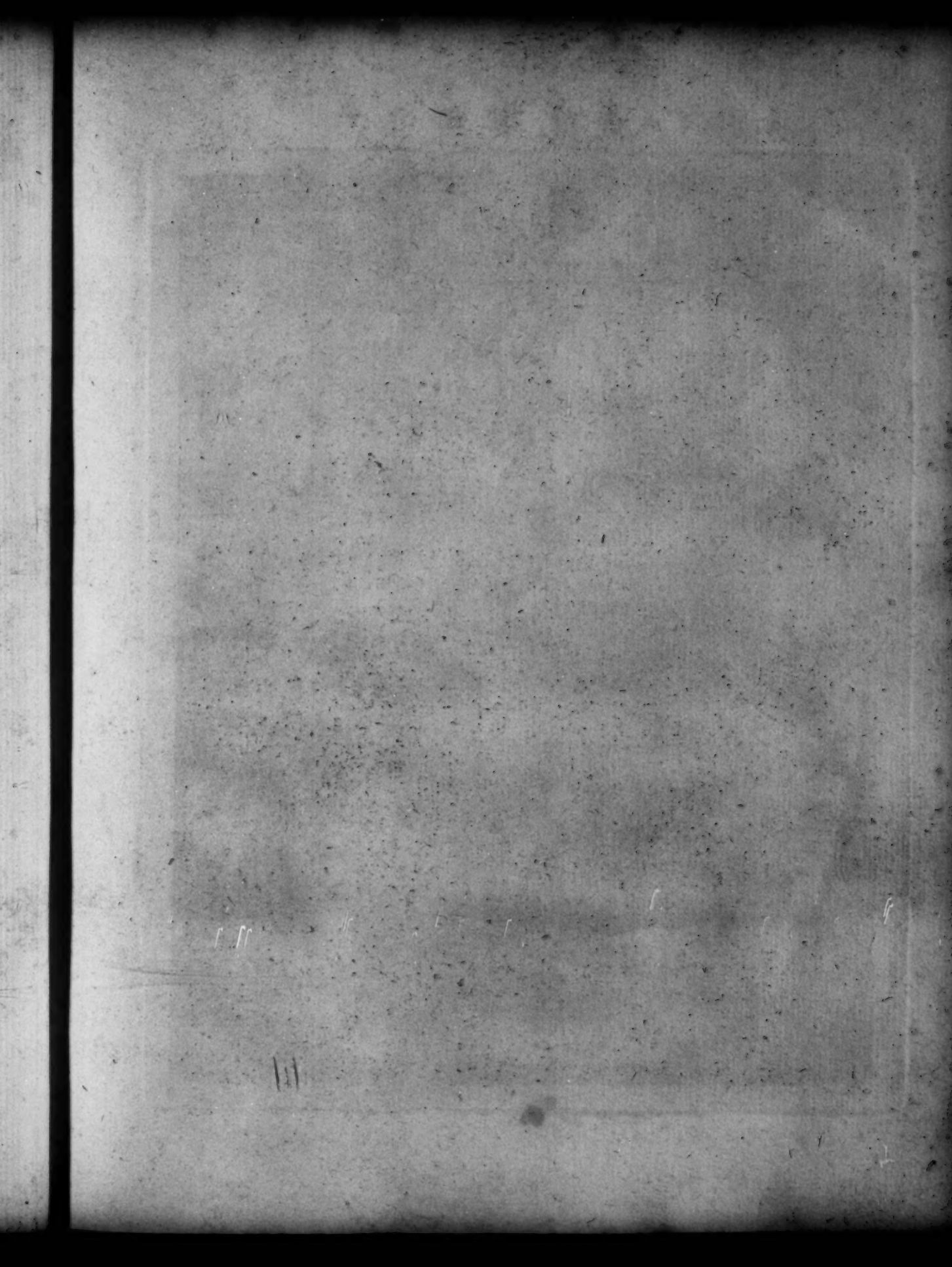
To breathe th' inspiring spirit, and to plant
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! you whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around, 1075
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart,
Obedient fortune, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the blessings of diviner love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus, 1080
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their head:
Till evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm;
When after the long vernal day of life, 1085
Enamour'd more, as soul approaches soul,
Together, down they sink in social sleep.

SUMMER.

2 P. A. V. C.

To breathe in rising faint, and the plain
 The generous purpose in the glowing brain
 Oh speak the joy, you whom the hidden
 surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but lights of love,
 All various nature pressing on the heart,
 Obedient fortune, and approving heaven,
 These are the passages of distant love,
 And thus their moments fly. The season thus
 As candles round a fading world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and contenting years
 Sheds her own soft garland on their heads,
 The evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm,
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Honour'd more, as soul approaches last,
 Together, down they sink in social sleep.

SUMMER





W. Kent sculp. del.

H. Simpson del.

S U M M E R

Inscribed to the **RIGHT HONOURABLE**


Mr. DODDINGTON.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the SEASONS. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. Morning. A view of the sun rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Rural prospects. Summer insects described. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and herds. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. A digression on foreign summers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over; a serene afternoon. Bathing. Sun set. Evening. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.



S U M M E R.


 FROM yonder fields of æther fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun! illustrious SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth.
 He comes, attended by the sultry HOURS,
 And ever-fanning BREEZES, on his way; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushing face, and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro the gloom; 10

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rows o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, INSPIRATION! from thy hermit seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious muse, and raptur'd eye
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastiz'd; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour; and an active zeal,
 For BRITAIN'S glory, liberty, and man;
 Oh DODINGTON! attend my rural song,

Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy BEST applause.

WITH what a perfect, world-revolving power,
 Were first th' unweildy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the busy race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their course;
 To night and day, with the delightful round
 Of SEASONS, faithful; not excentric once: 40
 So pois'd, and perfect is the vast machine.

WHEN now no more th' alternate TWINS are fir'd,
 And CANCER reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching Day, 45
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews!
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east;
 Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow;

And,

And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With tardy step, 50
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the eye, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine; 55
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpes aukward; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native voice of undissembing joy; 60
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage where with PEACE he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

FALSLY luxurious, will not man awake;
 And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,

To

To meditation due, and sacred song.
 And is there ought in sleep can charm the wise? 70
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
 Or else to feaverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than nature craves; when every Muse,
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

 But yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim
 Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
 Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheater Light!
 Of all material beings first, and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, red Sun,
 In whose wide circle worlds of radiance lie,
 Exhaustless brightness, may I sing of thee! 95

W H O would the blessings, first and last, recount,
 That in a full effusion from thee flow,
 As soon might number at the height of noon,
 The rays that radiate from thy cloudless sphere,
 A universal glory darting round. 100

'T IS by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain, indissoluble, bound,
 Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
 Of slow-pac'd SATURN, to the scarce-seen disk
 Of MERCURY, lost in excessive blaze. 105

INFORMER of the planetary train!
 Without whose vital, and effectual glance,
 They'd be but brute, uncomfortable mass,
 And not as now the green abodes of life;
 How many forms of being wait on thee! 110
 Inhaling gladness; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, to that day-living race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of SEASONS! from whose rich-stain'd rays, 115
 Reflected various, various colours rise:
 The freshening mantle of the youthful year;
 The wild embroidery of the watry vale;
 With all that cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

THE branching grove thy lusty product stands, 120
 Diffus'd, and deep, to quench the summer noon;
 And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,
 When on his ruffet fields you look direct.

FRUIT is thy bounty too, with juice replete,
 Acid, or mild; and from thy ray receives 125
 A flavour pleasing to the taste of man.
 By thee concocted blushes; and by thee
 Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap
 Of INDUSTRY, the mellow plenty falls.

EXTENSIVE harvests wave at thy command, 130
 And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,
 Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

EVEN WINTER speaks thy power; whose every blast,
 O'ercaft with tempest, or severely sharp
 With breathing frost, is eloquent of thee, 135
 And makes us languish for thy vernal gleams:

SHOT to the bowels of the teeming earth,
 The ripening oar confesses all thy power.
 Hence labour draws his tools; hence waving war
 Flames on the day; hence busy commerce binds 140
 The round of nations in a golden chain;

And

And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines
With glittering silver, and refulgent gold.

TH' UNFRUITFUL rock itself impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone, 145
Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the bosoms of the fair.

AT thee the ruby lights his deepening glow,
A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view. 150
From thee the saphire, solid æther, takes
His hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of SPRING, 155
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from his surface, form

A trembling variance of revolving hues, 160
 As the sice varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brisker measures, the reluctant stream
 Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 165
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 170
 Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,
 A glance extensive as the day. But these,
 And all the much transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source, 175
 Of life, and light, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
 Who, **LIGHT HIMSELF**, in uncreated light

Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
 ALMIGHTY POET! silent in thy praise;
 Thy matchless works in each exalted line,
 And all the full harmonic universe,
 Would vocal, or expressive, thee attest,
 The cause, the glory, and the end of all!

To me be NATURE'S volume wide display'd,
 And to peruse the broad illumin'd page,
 Or haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Pensive I muse, or with the rising day,
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

FIERCE flaming up the heavens, the piercing sun 200
Melts into limpid air the high-rai'd clouds,
And morning mists that hover'd round the hills,
In party-colour'd bands; till all unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 205

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
And tyrant Heat, dispreading thro' the sky,
By sharp degrees, his burning influence rains
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. 210

WHO can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before th' unbating beam! so fade the Fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the follower of the sun, they say, 215

Sad

Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Weeping all night; and when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold: 220
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage then expecting food,
 The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
 (That the calm village, in their verdant arms, 225
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 230
 The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, lies,
 Outstretch'd, and sleepy: in his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,
 They bootless snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain 235

To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
 Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

W A R ' D by his warmer ray, the reptile young 240
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,
 Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey, 245
 Black, azure, brown; more than th' assisted eye
 Of poring Virtuoso can discern.
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel; or, failing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the springing Trout,
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade
 Delight to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255

The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb; but careful still
 To shun the mazes of the founding bee,
 As o'er the blooms he sweeps. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight; 260
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling stream
 They're pierc'd to death; or weltering in the bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves 265
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around. 270
 Within an inch the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs, 275

Strides backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound declare extream distress,
 And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

ECHOES the living surface of the ground;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum, 280
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

LET no presuming impious railer tax 285
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if ought was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise; of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind? 190
 Thus on the concave of a sounding dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
 Wanders a critic fly; his feeble ray
 Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold

He

He dares dislike the structure of the whole. 295
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unflinching accent to conclude
 That THIS availeth nought? Has any seen 300
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
 Of dreary NOTHING, desolate abyss!
 Recoiling giddy thought: or with sharp glance,
 Such as remotely-wafting spirits use, 305
 Beheld the glories of the little world?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun. 310

THICK, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering kingdoms sport; with tempest-wing,
 Till WINTER sweeps them from the face of day.

Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass 315
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! In soft-circling robes,
 Which the hard hand of INDUSTRY has wrought,
 The human insects glow; by HUNGER fed,
 And chear'd by toiling THIRST, they rowl about 320
 From toy to trifle, vanity to vice;
 Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 325
 Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the blooming maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands 330
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They

They spread the tawny harvest to the sun, 335
 That casts refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 Rises the ruffet hay-cock thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 340
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
 Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam:
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye 345
 Can pierce, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 Down to the dusty earth the fight, o'erpower'd,
 Stoops for relief ; but thence ascending streams,
 And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart 350
 Are the refreshless fields ; their arid hue
 Adds a new fever to the sickening soul :
 And o'er their slippery surface wary treads
 The foot of thirsty pilgrim, often dips

In a cross rill, presenting to his wish 355
 A living draught : he feels before he drinks !
 Echo no more returns the sandy sound
 Of sharpening scythe ; the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard 360
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The desert reddens ; and the stubborn rock,
 Split to the centre, sweats at every pore.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl 365
 Into the shelter of the crackling grove.

ALL-CONQUERING heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so hard ! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds, 370
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Who can endure ! The too resplendent scene

Already
 †

Already darkens on the dizzy sight, 375
 And double objects dance; unreal sounds
 Sing deep around; a weight of sultry dew
 Hangs deathful on the limbs; shiver the nerves;
 The supple sinews sink; and on the heart,
 Misgiving, horror lays his heavy hand. 380
 Thrice happy he! that on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams, 385
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And all his passions aptly harmoniz'd, 390
 Amid a jarring world, with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!

Delicious

Delicious is your shelter to the soul, 395
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
 Cold thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye, 400
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
 And life shoots swift thro' every lighten'd limb.

ALL in th' adjoining brook, that shrills along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, 405
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand 410
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides

The

The troublous insects lashes with his tail, 415
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 And there his scepter-crook, and watchful dog. 420

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry hornets fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain, 425
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFF in this season too the horse provok'd,
 While his big sinews, full of spirits, swell, 430
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steady eye,

And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength ! 435
 Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst,
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth ; 440
 That, high embowering in the middle air,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful, silent gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these 445
 The scenes where ancient Bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On heavenly errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ; 450
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd soul,

For

For future tryals fated to prepare;
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs 455
 Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform. 460

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Arrous'd, I feel
 A sacred terror, and severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks, 465
 Those accents murmur'd in th' abstracted ear,
 Pronounce distinct. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred man, thy fellow creatures, we
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 " The same our LORD, and laws, and great pursuit. 470
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain

" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear us not ; but with responsive song, 475
 " Oft in these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
 " Of nature sing with us, and nature's GOD.
 " And frequent at the middle waste of night,
 " Or all day long, in desarts still, are heard, 480
 " Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-sky,
 " Around, or underneath, aerial sounds,
 " Sent from angelic harps, and voices join'd.
 " A happiness bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear 485
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

THUS up the mount, in visionary muse,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the stun
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back, 490
 I stand aghast, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shaggy brink a spreading flood,
 Rolls fair, and placid; till collected all,
 In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground,
 Th' impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep,
 Thunders, and shakes th' astonish'd country round.
 Now a blue watry sheet; anon dispers'd,
 A hoary mist; then gather'd in again,
 A darted stream aslant the hollow rock,
 This way, and that tormented; dashing thick,
 From steep to steep, with wild, inflected course,
 And restless roaring to the humble vale.

WITH the rough prospect tir'd, I turn my gaze,
 Where, in long vista, the soft-murmuring main
 Darts a green lustre, trembling thro' the trees;
 Or to yon silver-streaming threads of light,
 A showery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.
 Invited from the rock, to whose dark cliff
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,

Gains on the sun ; while all the feathery race,
 Smote with afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain. 515
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile, 520
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the' grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There on that rock, by NATURE'S chissel carv'd, 525
 An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted sweet
 Of honey-suckle loads his little thigh.

AND

AND what a various prospect lies around! 530
 Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires
 And towns betwixt, and gilded streams; till all
 The stretching landskip into smoak decays.

HAPPY BRITANNIA! where the Queen of arts,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad 535
 Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy skies;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float 540
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat, numberless; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows flame, and rise unquell'd,
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 545
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
 And PROPERTY assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his certain toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of ART;
 And Trade, and Joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard: even DRUDGERY himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
 Or in the lifted plain, or wintry seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning high;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd;

The

The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of such as under grim Oppression groan. 570

THY sons of glory many! thine a MORE,
As CATO firm, as ARISTIDES just,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine; 575
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN reign?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd, 580
RALEIGH, the scourge of SPAIN! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. 585
Then deep thro' fare his mind retorted saw,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 590
 A HAMBDEN thine, of unsubmitting soul;
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age,
 To slavery prone; and bad thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of FREEDOM fierce.
 Nor can the muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 595
 The plume of war! with every laurel crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 Nor him of later name, firm to the cause
 Of LIBERTY, her rough determin'd friend,
 The BRITISH BRUTUS; whose united blood 600
 With RUSSEL, thine, thou patriot wife, and calm,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown
 In SAGES too, far as the sacred light 605
 Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON form'd of happy mold,
 When NATURE smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,

PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd: 610
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of man;
 Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the MORAL BEAUTY charm the heart. 615
 What need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Still fought the great CREATOR in his works,
 By sure experience led? and why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let comprehensive NEWTON speak thy fame, 620
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR nature's boast, and thine?
 And every greatly amiable muse
 Of elder ages in thy MILTON met?
 His was the treasure of two thousand years, 625
 Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
 Unlimited, and various, as his THEME;
 Astonishing as CHAOS; as the bloom

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of *Shaftesbury*.

Of blowing EDEN fair; soft as the talk
Of OUR GRAND PARENTS, and as HEAVEN sublime. 630

MAY my song soften as, thy daughters, I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of HARMONY; the cheek, 635
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet, 640
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye. 645

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,

Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm; 650
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty NOB the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land, 655
 In bright patrol: white PEACE, and social LOVE;
 The tender-looking CHARITY, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted TRUTH, and DIGNITY of mind;
 COURAGE compos'd, and keen; sound TEMPERANCE, 660
 Healthful in heart and look; clear CHASTITY,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough INDUSTRY; ACTIVITY untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake: 665
 While, in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, PUBLIC ZEAL,
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide survey,

And

And ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some brave design.

THUS far transported by my country's love, 670
Nobly digressive from my theme, I've aim'd
To sing her praises in ambitious verse;
While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,
The various summer-horrors, which infest
Kingdoms that scorch below severer suns: 675

KINGDOMS on which, direct, the flood of day
Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Wan jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge,
Their hasty spirit prompts. Ill-fated race! 680
Altho' the treasures of the sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines;
Whence, over sands of gold, the NIGER rolls
His amber wave; while on his balmy banks,
Or in the spicy ABYSSINIAN vales, 685
The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink

Into-

Intolerable day, yet in their coats
 A cooling juice contain. Peaceful beneath,
 Leans the huge elephant; and in his shade
 A multitude of beauteous creatures play,
 And birds of bolder note rejoice around.

AND oft amid their aromatic groves,
 Touch'd by the torch of noon, the gummy bark,
 Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath.
 Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,
 A cloud of Incense shadows all the land;
 And, o'er a thousand thundering trees at once,
 Riots with lawless rage the running blaze:
 But chiefly should fomenting winds assist,
 And doubling blend the circulating waves
 Of flame tempestuous; or directly on,
 Far-streaming, drive them thro' the forest's length.

BUT other views await; where heaven above
 Glows like an arch of brass; and all below,
 The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies;

Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure spoil;
 Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary waste;
 Thin-cottag'd; and in time of trying need,
 Abandon'd by the vanish'd brook; like one 710
 Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

SUCH are thy horrid desarts, BARCA; such;
 ZAARA, thy hot inhospitable sands;
 Continuous rising often with the blast,
 Till the sun sees no more; and unknit earth, 715
 Shook by the south into the darken'd air,
 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waste.

HENCE late expos'd (if distant fame says true)
 A smother'd city from the sandy wave
 Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, 720
 Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,
 Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.
 For by the nitrous penetrating salts,
 Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd, and preserv'd,
 Each object hardens gradual into stone, 725

Its

Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps. 725

The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd

The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd

By sudden fate, and live on every face

The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art.

Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand, 730

Delighted even in death; and each for each

Feeling alone, with that expressive look,

Which perfect NATURE only knows to give.

And there the father agonizing bends

Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train 735

Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why:

The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,

With horror staring; while in council deep

Assembled full, the hoary-headed fires

Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate. 740

As when old ROME, beneath the raging GAUL,

Sunk her proud turrets, resolute on death,

Around the FORUM sat the grey divan

Of SENATORS, majestic, motionless,

With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes 745

Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
 Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn sight
 The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them Gods.

'T IS here that THIRST has fix'd his dry domain;
 And walks his wide, malignant round, in search 750
 Of pilgrim lost; or on the * MERCHANT'S tomb
 Triumphant sits, who for a single cruise
 Of unavailing water paid so dear:
 Nor could the gold his hard associate save.

HERE the green serpent gathers up his train, 755
 In orbs immense; then darting out anew,
 Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake;
 And, lolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,
 If fount there be: or of diminish'd size,
 But mighty mischief, on th' unguarded swain 760
 Steals, full of rancour. Here the savage race

* In the desert of Araoan are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interr'd were a rich merchant, and a poor carrier, who both died of thirst; and that the former had given to the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruise of water.

Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of blood,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The rabid tyger then,
 The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard,
 (Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste)
 In dire divan, surround their SHAGGY KING,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,
 With planted step; while an obsequious crowd
 Of grinning forms at humble distance wait. 770

These all together join'd from darksome caves,
 Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,
 By supreme hunger smir, and thirst intense,
 At once their mingling voices raise to HEAVEN;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demanding food, the wilderness resounds,
 From ATLAS eastward to the frighted NILE.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Ceaseless he sits,
 Sad on the jutting eminence, and views

The rowling main, that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds. 785
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night.

YET here, even here, into these black abodes 790
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping ROME,
 And haughty CÆSAR, LIBERTY retir'd,
 With CATO leading thro' NUMIDIAN wilds:
 Disdainful of CAMPANIA'S fertile plains,
 And all the green delights of ITALY; 795
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the blessings once her own.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, PLAGUE,
 The fiercest son of NEMESIS DIVINE, 800

Collects a close, incumbent night of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture, by the sun suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect? Princely WISDOM then 805
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hands
 Of drooping JUSTICE, ineffectual, falls
 The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy;
 And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad, 810
 And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,
 And birds of bloody beak. The sullen door
 No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
 Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted friends,
 And relatives endear'd for many a year, 815
 Savag'd by woe, forget the social tye,
 The close engagement of the kindred heart;
 And, sick in solitude, successive die,
 Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat
 The scene of desolation, wide around, 820
 Denying

Denying all retreat, the grim guards stand,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH of the force of foreign SUMMERS still,
Of growling hills that shoot the pillar'd flame,
Of earthquake, and pale famine, could I sing;
But equal scenes of horror call me home.

FOR now, slow-settling, o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The broad possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn
Thence nitre, sulphur, vitriol, on the day
Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,
Extensive o'er the world a reddening gloom!
In dreadful promptitude to spring, await
The high command. A boding silence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound,
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rowls o'er the trembling earth, disturbs the flood,

And

And stirs the forest-leaf without a breath. 840

Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes

Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze

The cattel stand, and on the scouling heavens

Cast a deploring eye; by man forfook, 845

Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,

Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'T is dumb amaze, and listening terror all;

When to the quicker eye the livid glance

Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud; 850

And, by the powerful breath of God inflate,

The thunder raises his tremendous voice;

At first low-muttering; but at each approach,

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more

The noise astounds: till over head a sheet 855

Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts

And opens wider, shuts and opens still

Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.

Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,

Enlarging,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal 860
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd;
 And often fatal to th' unshelter'd head
 Of man, or rougher beast. Wide-rent, the clouds 865
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its rage unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And strikes the shepherd, as he shuddering sits,
 Prefaging ruin, mid the rocky cliff. 870
 His inmost marrow feels the gliding flame;
 He dies; and, like a statue grim'd with age,
 His live dejected posture still remains;
 His ruffet sing'd, and rent his hanging hat;
 Against his crook his footy cheek reclin'd; 875
 While, whining at his feet, his half-stun'd dog,
 Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
 On his insensate master for relief.

BLACK from the stroak, above, the mountain-piæ,
 A leaning shatter'd trunk, stands scath'd to heaven;
 The talk of future ages; and, below,
 A lifeless groue the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look;
 They wore alive, and ruminating still,
 In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rai'd. A little farther, burns
 The guiltless cottage, and the haughty dome
 Stoops to the base. In one immediate flash,
 The forest falls; or, flaming out, displays
 The sayage-haunts, unpierc'd by day before.
 Scar'd is the mountain's brow, and from the cliff
 Tumbles the smitten rock. The desert shakes,
 And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepest dens.

GUILT dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head
 Falls the devoted flash. Young CELADON,
 And his AMELIA were a matchless twain;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;

The

The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,

900

And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,

As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart

Of INNOCENCE, and undissembling TRUTH.

'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,

905

Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetick glow,

Struck from the charming eye. Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self;

Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power

Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

910

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd

The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,

Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

THUS pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled; till in evil hour

915

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far. Her breast presageful heav'd

Unwonted

Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 920
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In heaven repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed, 925
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Fair innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With full regard. O'er thee the secret shaft, 930
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies hurtless; and that very voice,
 " Which thunders terror thro' the conscious heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 935
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven!) that moment, in a heap
 Of pallid ashes fell the beauteous maid.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Struck by severe amazement, hating life, 940
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,
 The well-diffembl'd mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds 945
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable blue,
 Delightful swells into the general arch,
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 950
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the level ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around, 955
 Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,

Most

Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world? 960
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky,
 After the tempest puff his idle vows;
 And a new dance of vanity begin,
 Scarce ere the pant forsakes his feeble heart? 965

CHEARD by the setting beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below; 970
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and thro' the flexile wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes, 975
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,
 Where winded into lovely solitudes 980
 Runs out the rambling dale, that DAMON sat,
 Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse:
 DAMON, who still amid the savage woods,
 And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd,
 Firm, and to false philosophy devote. 985
 The brook ran babbling by; and sighing weak,
 The breeze among the bending willows play'd:
 When SACHARISSA to the cool retreat,
 With AMORET, and MUSIDORA stole.
 Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd; 990
 And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe
 Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 Tall, and majestic, SACHARISSA rose,
 Superior treading, as on IDA's top
 (So GRECIAN bards in wanton fable sung) 995
 High-throne the sister and the wife of JOVE.
 Another PALLAS MUSIDORA seem'd,
 Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look
 A surer conquest of the sliding heart.
 While,

While, like the CYPRIAN goddess, AMORET, 1000
 Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,
 And all one softness, melted on the sense.
 Nor PARIS panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms, 1005
 Than, DAMON, thou; the stoick now no more;
 But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk they drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone;
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1010
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still,
 When from their naked limbs, of glowing white,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves; 1015
 With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
 Arrous'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.
 * So stands the statue that enchants the world,

* *The VENUS of MEDICLS.*

Her full proportions such, and bashful so
 Bends ineffectual from the roving eye. 1010
 Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair
 The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;
 And, every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning-dew
 Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
 While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
 But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks
 That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil, 1030
 Rising again; the latent DAMON drew
 Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,
 As put his harsh philosophy to flight,
 The joyless search of long-deluded years;
 And MUSIDORA fixing in his heart, 1035
 Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats;

Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1040
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same ROMAN arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1045
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 Even from the body's purity the mind
 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The rising clouds, 1050
 That shift perpetual in his vivid train,
 Their watry mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
 Unfold the hidden riches of his ray;
 And chase a change of colours round the sky.
 'Tis all one blush from east to west! and now, 1055
 Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb;
 Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

FOR ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying all th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, a cheerless blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch;
 Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep,
 The whole day long has made the widow pine;
 And snatch'd the morsel from her orphan's mouth,
 To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,
 Who makes the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
 CONFESS'D from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether fading, sober EVENING takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand SHADOWS at her beck. First THIS

She

She sends on earth; then THAT of deeper die
 Steals soft behind; and then a DEEPER still, 1080
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher breeze
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate. 1085

HIS folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
 The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means, 1090
 Loves fond, by the sincerest language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng, 1095
 In various game, and revelry to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave

Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against himself to lift the hated hand 1100
 Of violence; by men cast out from life,
 And after death, to which they drove his hope,
 Into the broad way side. The ruin'd tower
 Is also shun'd; whose hoary chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1105

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his lamp; and, thro' the dark,
 Twinkles a moving gem. On EVENING'S heel,
 NIGHT follows fast; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1110
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye.
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1115
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Doubtful if seen: whence sudden VISION turns
 To heaven; where VENUS, in the starry front,

Shines

Shines eminent; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh, 1120
 Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,
 And every form of vegetation kind.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With glad peruse, the lambent lightnings shoot
 A-cross the sky; or horizontal dart 1125
 O'er half the nations, in a minute's space,
 Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,
 And silence, ere the various talk begin.

THE vulgar stare; amazement is their joy,
 And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd! 1130
 But scrutinous PHILOSOPHY looks deep,
 With piercing eye, into the latent cause;
 Nor can she swallow what she does not see.
 With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY! with thee,
 And thy high praises, let me crown my song! 1135
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,

Whose

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of cœlestial day. 1140
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She soaring spurns, with elevated pride,
 The tangling mafs of cares, and low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains, 1145
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's eye display'd;
 The FIRST up-tracing from the vast inane,
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1150
 Who, all-sustaining, in himself, alone
 Possesses BEING; while the LAST receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1155
 A world swift-painted on th' attentive mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page

With

With

With musick, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind, 1160
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

W I T H O U T thee what were unassisted man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every honest art, 1165
 And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy
 Domestick, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social blifs,
 Nor law were his; nor property; nor swain,
 To turn the furrow; nor mechanic hand, 1170
 Harden'd to toil; nor sailor bold; nor trade,
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life 1175
 Than non-existence worse. But taught by thee
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all

Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs, 1180
 Star-led, the helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of urgent heaven, invisible, the sails
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1185
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 OF THE SOLE BEING right, who spoke the word,
 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view, 1190
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her virtual glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1195
 To notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,

So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.

Enough for us we know that this dark state,

1200

In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,

This infancy of being, cannot prove

The final issue of the works of GOD;

By LOVE and WISDOM inexpressive form'd,

And ever rising with the rising Mind.

1205

Belonged to the Right Honorable

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

R

AUTUMN.

2. THE LAW OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE,
January 10, 1888.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE,
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE,
MAY 15, 1887.
ALBANY:
J. B. WHITTAKER, STATE PRINTER,
1888.

AUTUMN.

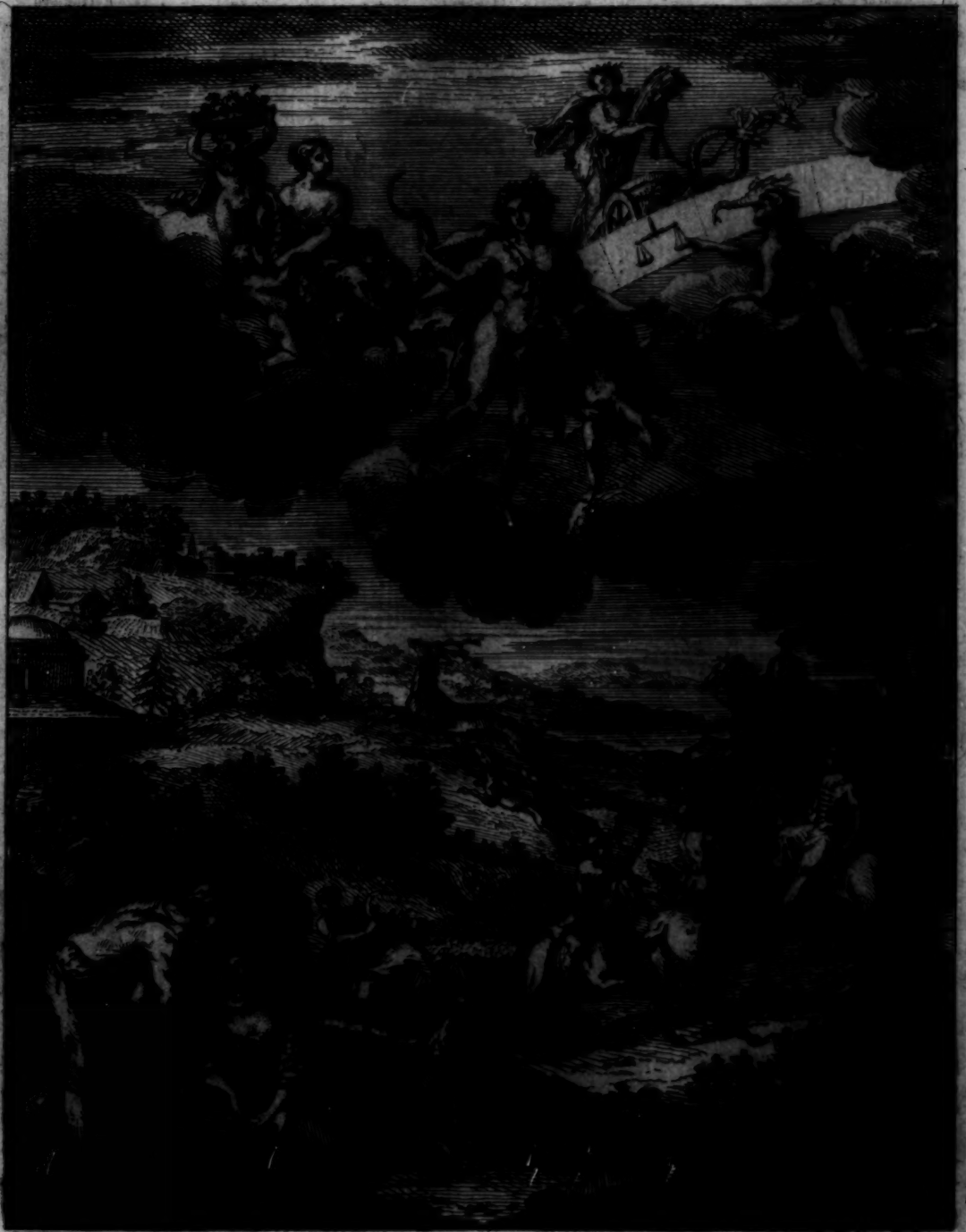
Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE ARGUMENT.


The subject propos'd. Address to MR. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reaping. A tale. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of AUTUMN: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains, and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shine day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyrick on a philosophical country life.



W. Kent. inv. et del.



A U T U M N

ROWN'D with the fields, and the wheaten sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the doric reed once more,
 Well-pleas'd, I tune. What'er the WINTRY frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd SPRING
 Put in white promise forth; and SUMMER-SUNS
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme,

ONSLOW the muse; ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
 Would

Would from the PUBLIC VOICE thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy conduct glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for publick virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright VIRGIN gives the beauteous days,
 And LIBRA weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
 Of parting SUMMER, a serener blue,
 With golden light irradiate, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below, 30

Unbounded

Unbounded harvests hang the heavy head,
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Convolv'd, and tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings INDUSTRY! rough Power!
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain,
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raifer of human kind! by NATURE cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various powers of deep efficiency 50
 Implanted,

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of BOUNTY scatter'd o'er the savage year.
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the red north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;

A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish NATURE the directing hand 80
 Of ART demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 85
 Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabrick rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 90
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd, to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity; 95
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 By hardy patience, and experience slow,

To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bad him be the LORD of all below.

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a PUBLIC; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the PATRIOT-COUNCIL met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented WHOLE;
 For this devis'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated Arts,
 And with joint force OPPRESSION chaining, set
 IMPERIAL JUSTICE at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,

Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rose;
 And stretching street on street by thousands led,
 From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
 'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky group
 Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,
 Restless design, and execution strong.
 In every street the sounding hammer ply'd
 His massy task; while the corrosive file,
 In flying touches, form'd the fine machine.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy Merchant; the big ware-house built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and on thee, thou THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
 Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around, 140
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main. 145

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 His ample roof; and LUXURY within
 Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe, 150
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive WINTER chear'd by him 155

Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy SPRING.
 Without him SUMMER were an arid waste;
 Nor to th' AUTUMNAL months could thus transmit 160
 These full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand, 165
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While, bandied round and round, the rural talk, 170
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest
 Fly hearty, to deceive the tedious time,
 And chearly steal the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that 175

His

His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy,
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick,
 Be not too narrow, husband-men! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth, 180
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God of harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven, 185
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth. 190
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, loft far up
 Amid the windings of a woody vale; 195

Safe from the cruel, blasting arts of man;
 Almost on NATURE'S common bouney fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and carelefs of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves, unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground deject, and darring all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the stories that her mother told,
 Of what her faithlefs fortune flatter'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtlefs of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse among the woods; if city-dames
 Will deign their faith. And thus she went compell'd

By

By strong necessity, with as serene,
 And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,
 To glean PALÆMON'S fields. The pride of swains
 PALÆMON was, the generous, and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as ARCADIAN song
 Transmits from antient, incorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 And free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, and harmonious shap'd, 240
 Where sense sincere, and goodness seem'd to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
 Of old ACASTO'S line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life, 245
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.

I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride, 250
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live;
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE
 AUTUMN. WHEN,

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 The bountiful ACAS^TO; who can speak
 The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PAL^EMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious-rapture of his soul.

AND art thou then ACAS^TO's dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain? oh yes! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive, his every feature, every look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,

In what unsmiling desert, hast thou drawn 275

The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?

Into such beauty spread? and blown so white?

Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.

O let me now, into a richer soil, 280

Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;

And of my garden be the pride, and joy!

It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits

ACASTO'S daughter, his, whose open stores, 285

Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,

The father of a country, thus to pick

The very refuse of those harvest-fields,

His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.

Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand, 290

But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;

With harvest shining all these fields are thine;

And, if my wishes may presume so far,

Their master too, who then indeed were blest;

To make the daughter of ACASTO so. 295

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd,
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in mutual bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir

Their

Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells;
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-bear, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' plying to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacane chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The glomerating tempest grows, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around

Ly sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim:
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks 340
 The river lift; before whose weighty rufh,
 Herds, flocks, and harvefts, cottages, and fwains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
 In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year. 345
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He fees; and instant o'er his shivering thought 350
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye mafters, then
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That finks you foft in elegance, and eafe;
 Be mindful of thofe limbs, in ruffet clad, 355
 Whofe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And O be mindful of that fparing board,

Which

Which covers your's with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the RURAL GAME.
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, watchful, and every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their useless wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,

Immediate,

Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them else dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind, 380

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such;
 Then most delighted, when she smiling sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely chearful, barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had roam'd the dark; 390
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate rage
 Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste, 395
 For sport alone, takes up the cruel tract,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

Upbraid

Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd, 400
 To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!
 Shook from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz, 405
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank, 410
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook:
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet, 415
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,

In scatter'd, fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads 420
 The fighting gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ; 425
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

THE Stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He reign'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first in speed, 430
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, fear-arrous'd,
 Gives all his swift, aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind.
 Deception short ! tho' fleetier than the winds 435
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And

And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract
 Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again 440

Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends 445

He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With quick consent, avoid th' infectious maze. 450

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more
 The fainting course; but wrenching, breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last, weak refuge in despair. 455

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,

Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous, checquer'd sides with gore.

OF this enough. But if the silvan youth, 460
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lyon, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof. 465
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, for murder is his trade:
 And, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins near destruction, to the monster's heart. 470
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN KNOWS NOT; give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive fury, pitylefs, to pour
 Loose on the sly destroyer of the flock.
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd; 475
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.

Throw

Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morafs
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood 480
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;
 Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops; 485
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile 490
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 At once tore, mercylefs. Thrice happy he!
 At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn 495
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown;
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,

Depending decent from the roof; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard, 500
 When the night staggers with severer toils;
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking firloin, stretch'd immense 505
 From side to side; on which, with fell intent,
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND'S glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals, 510
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating how it ran, and how it fell.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round 515
 A potent gale, reviving as the breath
 Of MAIA, to the love-sick shepherdes,

On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn, 520
 Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not asham'd
 To vie it with the vineyard's best produce.
 Perhaps a while, amusive, thoughtful Whisk 525
 Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of smoak,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust. 530

At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch 535
 Indulg'd askew; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,

And

And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot,
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferate at once by twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church, or mistress, politicks, or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd CRY of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the musick of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn;
 So their mirth gradual sinks. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Ly quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
 Then, sliding sweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above

Lies

Lies the wet, broken scene; and stretch'd below,
 Each way, the drunken slaughter; where astride 560
 The lubber Power himself triumphant sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And stēeps them, silent all, in sleep till morn.

BUT if the rougher sex by this red sport
 Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid joy 565
 E'er stain the bosoms of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill,
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire, 570
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 Made up of blushes, tenderness, and fears,
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 575
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;

And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 380
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 385
 And fashion'd all to harmony, alone,
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from the radiant lip;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 390
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To play the pencil, turn th' instructive page;
 To give new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race 395
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,

With

With every kinder, care-elusive art, 600
 To raise the glory, animate the joys,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life;
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; 605
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the cluster'd nut for you 610
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 Or, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown, 615
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA'S hair:
 MELINDA form'd with every grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy, joy-refounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze 620
 Of AUTUMN, unconfin'd; and vital taste
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 625
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 In species different, but in kind the same,
 By NATURE'S all-refining hand prepar'd,
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air, 630
 In ever-changing composition mixt.
 So fares it with those wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 635
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, facetious bard, the second thou

Who

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song;
 How, from SILURIAN vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 645

IN this glad season, while his last, best beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks
 Of DODINGTON! thy seat, serene, and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 650
 Diffusive, spreads the pure DORSETTAN downs,
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood;
 Here rich with harvest; and there white with flocks.
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 655
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds
 New plans to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat;

Where

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk 660
 They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone,
 Fir'd by the thirst of thy applause, I court
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of NATURE, ever-open; aiming thence,
 Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral song. 665
 And, as I steal along, the sunny wall,
 Where AUTUMN basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My theme still urges in my vagrant thought;
 Presents the downy peach; the purple plumb,
 With a fine blueish mist of animals 670
 Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, swelling to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 675

TURN we a moment FANCY'S rapid flight
 To vigorous foils, and chimes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard heaves refulgent on the day;

Spreads

Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs, 680
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the gravid boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes 685
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 690
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 695
 The Claret smooth, deep as the lip we press,
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign. 700

Now by the cool, declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides; 705
 And deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays
 The rocky, long division; while aloft,
 His piny top is, lessening, lost in air:
 No more his thousand prospects fill the view
 With great variety; but in a night 710
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
 Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerst;
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave. 715
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life, 720

Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantick. Till at last
 Wreath'd close around, in deeper circles still
 Successive floating, fits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick, 725
 A formless, gray confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW bard)
 Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd
 Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
 His endless train forth from the dubious gloom. 730

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoak along the hilly country, these,
 With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature say,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those grand reserves
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks; 735
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing stores the rivers draw.
 But is this equal to the vast effect?
 Is thus the VOLGA fill'd? the rapid RHINE?
 The broad EUPHRATES? all th' unnumber'd floods, 740

That large refresh the fair-divided earth ;
 And, in the rage of summer, never cease
 To send a thundering torrent to the main ?

WHAT tho' the sun draws from the steaming deep
 More than the rivers pour ? How much again, 745
 O'er the vext surge, in bitter-driving showers,
 Frequent returns, let the wet sailor say :
 And on the thirsty down, far from the burst
 Of springs, how much, to their reviving fields,
 And feeding flocks, let lonely shepherds sing. 750
 But sure 'tis no weak, variable cause,
 That keeps at once ten thousand thousand floods,
 Wide-wandering o'er the world, so fresh, and clear,
 For ever flowing, and for ever full.
 And thus some sages, deep-exploring, teach : 755
 That, where the hoarse, innumerable wave,
 Eternal, lashes the resounding shore ;
 Suck'd thro' the sandy STRATUM, every way,
 The waters with the sandy STRATUM rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 760

They

They leave each saline particle behind,
 And clear, and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' here and there in lowly plains it springs,
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 765
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. The vital stream
 Hence, in its subterranean passage, gains, 770
 From the wash'd mineral, that restoring power,
 And salutary virtue, which anew
 Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling soul
 Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye:
 And whence, the royal maid, AMELIA blooms 775
 With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to bless,
 Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,
 In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,
 The CAROLINA of another land.

WHILE AUTUMN scatters his departing gleams, 780
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and tost wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire; 785
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where the cavern sweats, as fages dream.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernant months 790
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
 Innumeros wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the RHINE loses his majestic force
 In BELGIAN plains, won from the raging deep
 By diligence amazing, and the strong, 795
 Unconquerable hand of LIBERTY,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their plummy voyage thro' the liquid sky. 796

And

A U T U M N. 165

And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose, 800
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds. 805

OR where the NORTHERN ocean, in vast whirls;
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest THULE, and th' ATLANTIC surge
Pours in among the stormy HEBRIDES;
Who can recount what transmigrations there 810
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And white resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain, harmless native his small flock, 815
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-

Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up 820
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here a while the muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the gelid main, 825
 Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by NATURE'S hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watty wealth 830
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the TWEED, pure parent-stream,
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er ORCA, or BETUBIUM'S highest peak. 835
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By LEARNING, when before the GOTHIC rage
 She took her western flight. A generous race,

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave, 840
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 To hold a hapless, undiminish'd state,
 Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life 845
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over EUROPE bursts the BOREAL MORN.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power 850
 That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul!
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain? 855
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,

How

How to dash wide the billow; nor look on, 860
 Shamefully passive, while BATAVIAN fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port, 865
 Unchalleng'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus united BRITAIN BRITAIN make
 Intire, th' imperial MISTRESS of the deep.

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 870
 From her first patriots, and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye:
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her politest turn, 875
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on TENIER'S dreadful field,
 While thick around the deadly tempest flew.

And

And when the trumpet, kindling war no more, 880
 Pours not the flaming squadrons o'er the field ;
 But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,
 Kind peace unites the jarring world again ;
 Let the deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue 885
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate :
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 890
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she felt the friend like thee.

BUT see the fading, many-colour'd woods, 895
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan, declining green

Z

To

113

To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks, 908
 And give the SEASON in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded aether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current: while illumin'd wide, 909
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their uvid pores his temper'd force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd, 910
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
 And woo lone QUIET in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise, 915
 Oft let me wander o'er the ruffet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove; where scarce is heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse. 920
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit
 On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock! 925
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 930
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey!
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

THE pale, descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, 935
 Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.

But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy ruin streams ;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower, 940
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd 945
 Of bolder fruit falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 950
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Peirc'd deep with many a secret pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ; 955
 In all the bosom triumphs, all the nerves ;
 Inflames imagination ; thro' the sense

Infuses

Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such 966

As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream,

Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.

As fast the correspondent passions rise,

As varied, and as high : devotion rais'd

To rapture, and divine astonishment. 967

The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief

Of humankind; the large, ambitious wish,

To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,

Loft in obscurity; th' indignant scorn

Of mighty pride; the fearless, great resolve; 970

The wonder that the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;

Th' arrousing pant for virtue, and for fame;

The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;

With all the social offspring of the heart. 975

OH bear me then to vast, embowering shades!

To twilight groves, and visionary vales!

To

To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms!
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 980
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear.

AND now the western sun withdraws the day;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 985
 Th' ascending vapour throws. Where waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon,
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds, 990
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east,
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 (Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And oceans roll, as optic tube descries)
 A lesser earth, gives all his blaze again, 995
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,

Now

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when, half blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or quite extinct, her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white:
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots, ensweeping first
 The lower skies, then all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.

FROM

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
 The PANNIC runs, and into wonderous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
 Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war 1020
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rowls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks 1025
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,
 And, late at night, in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or painted hideous with ascending flame;
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress; 1030
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,

And

And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A solid shade, immense. Sunk in the gloom
 Magnificent, and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety
 One universal blot: such the fair power
 Of Light, to kindle, and create the whole. 1045

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 1050
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now sunk and now renew'd, he's quite absorpt,
 Rider and horse, into the miry gulph :
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor fits; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthen'd night claps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last AUTUMNAL day.
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A H A

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
 Lies the still heaving hive; at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And whelm'd o'er sulphur: while, undreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark, oppressive steam ascends;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this ye roam'd the spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away?
 For this in autumn search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food

wch
111

Can you not borrow? and in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 Hard by, the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous, and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre, or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, PALERMO, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

How

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' æthereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant WINTER bid to do his worst.
 While loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,
 Not needing the melodious impulse much,
 Leaps, wildly graceful, in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the struggle-twifts.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoyce; nor think

That

That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1135

OH knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate 1140
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, 1145
 The pride, and gaze of fools! oppres him not.
 What tho' from utmost land, and sea, purvey'd,
 For him each rarer, tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death. What tho' his wine 1150
 Flows not from brighter gems; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;
 Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle stare.

What

What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all.
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs, and fruits; whatever greens the SPRING,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,
 When SUMMER reddens; and when AUTUMN beams;
 Or in the WINTRY glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.

Here

Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and Poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood; the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some far-distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and That ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let These
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,

Fomenting

Fomenting discord, and perplexing right, 1195
 An iron race! and Those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 And slippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state. 1200
 While He, from all the stormy passions free,
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states 1205
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To NATURE'S voice attends, from day to day,
 And month to month, thro' the revolving YEAR;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape; 1210
 Feels all her fine emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young SPRING protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours 1215

He quite enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In SUMMER he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as from frigid TEMPE wont to fall,
 Or HÆMUS cool, reads what the muse, of these 1220
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When AUTUMN's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field, 1225
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep-musing, then the best exerts his song.
 Even WINTER wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste, 1230
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' astonish'd eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure, 1235
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er

O'er land, and sea, imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns. 1240
 The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little, strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth 1245
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness, and true philosophy
 Still are, and have been of the smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt, 1250
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by primæval ages, incorrupt,
 When GOD himself, and ANGELS dwelt with men!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works! 1255
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,

World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1260
 Light my blind way: the mineral STRATA there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought, 1265
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids 1270
 That best ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
 And let me never, never stray from THEE! 1275

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT
W I N T E R.

Inscribed to the **RIGHT HONOURABLE** the
LORD WILMINGTON.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to Lord WILMINGTON. First approach of WINTER. According to the natural order of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them. A short digression into RUSSIA. The wolves in ITALY. A winter-evening described, as spent by philosophers; by the country, people; in the city. Frost. Its effects within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with philosophical reflections on a future state.

WINTER.



W. Kent. inv et del.

M. J. B. G. S. J. C. S. J.



W I N T E R.



**SEE WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,
VAPOURS, and CLOUDS, and STORMS. Be these
my theme,**

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing: Welcome, kindred glooms!
Cogenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless SOLITUDE I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domains;

Trod

Trod the pure virgin-snows, my self as pure ;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving YEAR :
 Skim'd the gay SPRING; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the SUMMER-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er AUTUMN with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the WINTRY clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 For thee the Graces smooth ; thy softer thoughts 30

The

The Muses tune; nor art thou skill'd alone
 In awful schemes, the management of states,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness; sound integrity;
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
 Amid a sliding age; and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
 A steady spirit, regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; and, the publick hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

WHEN SCORPIO gives to CAPRICORN the sway;
 And fierce AQUARIUS fouls th' inverted year;
 Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er æther the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as at dull distance seen,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;

And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast, 55
 Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
 Involve the face of things. Thus WINTER falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' nature shedding influence malign, 60
 And rouzes all the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with horrid views. The cattle droop
 The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks, 65
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook, 70
 And

And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the Father of the tempest forth,
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile; 75
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up 80
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimple pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return, 85
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household, feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain 90

Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolick : much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd, 93
 And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rouz'd-up river pours along,
 Resistless, roaring ; dreadful down it comes
 From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far: 100
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd,
 Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts a way,
 Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 105
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

NATURE! great parent! whose continual hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works!

With

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul! 110
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye subtile beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd, 115
 Against the day of tempest perilous?
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

L A T E in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds 120
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her fully'd orb.
 The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray; 125
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;
 Loud shrieks the foaring hern; and, skreaming wild,
 The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,

And

And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, 130
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,
 And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air
 O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust 135
 Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,
 Lasht into foam, the fierce, conflicting brine
 Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.
 Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds, 140
 And in broad billows rolling gather'd seas,
 Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds athwart the howling waste
 Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave 145
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The full-blown BALTICK thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course, 150
 And

And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or sand insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,
 To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff, 155
 Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,
 Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

THE mountain grows; and all its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast, 160
 The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's 165
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base. 170

Sleep

Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night, 175
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death.

HUGE UPROAR lords it wide. The clouds commixt
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
 All nature reels. Till nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone, 180
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight waste. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom. 185
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious NIGHT,
 And CONTEMPLATION her sedate compeer;

Let

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside. 290

AND now, ye lying Vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded man, 295
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light, and life! thou Good supreme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me thy self! 300
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THE keener Tempests come: and fuming dun 305
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm. 310
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. Sudden the fields
 Put on their winter-robe, of purest white. 315
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts,
 Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
 Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill, 320
 Is one wild, dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 325
 That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,

In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
 His annual visit pays. The foodless wilds 330
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind 335
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 340
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 345
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urg'd,

The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce, 350
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain: 355
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the white abrupt; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home 360
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow, 365
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:

While

While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild. 370
 Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown, 375
 What water, of the still unfrozen eye,
 In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, 380
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares 385
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling rack, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor

Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread

Of misery. • Sore pierc'd by wintry winds, 410

How many shrink into the sordid hut

Of cheerless poverty. How many shake

With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;

Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life, 415

They furnish matter for the tragic muse.

Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,

With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,

How many, rackt with honest passions, droop

In deep retir'd distress. How many stand 420

Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,

Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,

And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,

That one incessant struggle render life, 425

One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,

And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;

The conscious heart of Charity would warm,

And his wide wish Benevolence dilate; 430

The

The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous few,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive fought 435
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land 440
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 445
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 450

Hail patriot-band! who, scorning secret scorn,
 When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,
 Drag'd the detected monsters into light,
 Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod,
 And bad the cruel feel the pains they gave. 455
 Yet stop not here, let all the land rejoice,
 And make the blessing unconfin'd, as great.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men 460
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 Oh glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.

YET more outragious is the season still, 465
 A deeper horror, in SIBERIAN wilds;
 Where WINTER keeps his unrejoicing court,
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
 There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow, 470

Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow ;
 And, scorning the complainings of distress, 475
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.
 While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,
 On sleds reclin'd, the furry R U S S I A N sits ;
 And, by his rain-deer drawn, behind him throws
 A shining kingdom in a winter's day. 480

O R from the cloudy ALPS, and APPENINE,
 Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows ;
 Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,
 And from the leaning rock, on either side,
 Gush out those streams that classic song renowns : 485
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend ;
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow. 490

All

All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly, 495
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.

The god-like face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
 The generous lyon stands in soft'n'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey. 500

But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)

The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrowded body from the tomb; o'er which, 505
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of WINTER, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore, 510

Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
 To chase the cheerless gloom. There let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead; 515
 Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail 520
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. — First SOCRATES,
 Whose simple question to the folded heart
 Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought
 Evolv'd the secret truth — a god-like man! 525
 SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base. LYCURGUS then,
 Severely good; and him of rugged ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
 CIMON sweet-soul'd, and ARISTIDES just; 530

With

With that attemper'd * Hero, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.
 SCIPIO, the humane warrior, gently brave ;
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran, 535
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,
 With friendship, and philosophy, retir'd.
 And, equal to the best, the ‡ THEBAN twain,
 Who, single rais'd their country into fame.
 Thousands behind, the boast of GREECE and ROME, 540
 Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
 But see who yonder comes ! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun : 545
 'Tis PHOEBUS self, or else the MANTUAN swain !
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and equal by his side,

* TIMOLEON.

‡ PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

The BRITISH muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 550
 Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,
 Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch
 Shakes every passion from the various string;
 Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene.

FIRST of your kind! Society divine! 555
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
 Save LYCIDAS the friend, with sense refin'd, 560
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the muses' hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart: 565
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

THUS

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd: 570
 With them would search, if this unbounded frame
 Of nature rose from unproductive night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL CAUSE,
 Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole 575
 Would gradual open on our opening minds;
 And each diffusive harmony unite,
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
 Thence would we plunge into the moral world;
 Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on 580
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In universal good. Historic truth
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell, 585
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,

Our

Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale 590
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ; 595
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity, 600
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 And when with these the serious soul is foil'd, 605
 We, thirsting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,
 Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense
 Into the mind, unbounded without space : 610

The

+

The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,
 Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;
 Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,
 Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouzes up the fire; 615
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

OR, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round: 620
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes 625
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The publick haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 630
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink. 635
 Rises the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves: 640
 While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love. 645
 Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE

Hold

Holds to the world the picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

CLEAR frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene, 650
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace, 655
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen. 660
All nature feels the renovating force
Of WINTER, only to the thoughtless eye
In desolation seen. The vacant glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year. 665
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along

The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. 670

WHAT art thou, Frost ? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd 675
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth and ether ? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the still rage of WINTER deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool 680
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone, 685
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The

The whole detrudded river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening-watch, 690
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the many sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round, 695
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong, 700
 And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade, 705
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant isicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;

The

The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook, 710
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks 715
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view 720
 The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake
 And long canal the cerule plain extend,
 The city pours her thousands, swarming all,
 From every quarter : and, with him who slides ;
 Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along, 725
 In circling poise ; or else disorder'd falls,
 His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,

While

While the laugh rages round; from end to end,
 Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day; 730

But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.

The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale 735

Relents a while to the reflected ray;

Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,

Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,

Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,

Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun, 740

And dog impatient bounding at the shot,

Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,

Distress the footed, or the feather'd game.

BUT what is this? these infant tempests what? 745

The mockery of WINTER: should our eye

Astonish'd

Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone ;
 Where more than half the joyless year is night ;
 And, failing gradual, life at last goes out.
 There undissolving, from the first of time, 750
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main, 755
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.
 Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,
 And into various shapes (as fancy leans) 760
 Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,
 Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome
 Shoots fretted up ; and birds, and beasts, and men,
 Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns.
 The restless deep itself cannot resist 765
 The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,

Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void 770
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost, 775
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate,
 As with first prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut 780
 By jealous nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in ARZINA caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task, 785
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

* SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent out by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the North-east Passage.

HARD by these shores, the last of mankind live ;
 And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun,
 (That rears and ripens man, as well as plants) 790
 Here Human Nature just begins to dawn,
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Ly the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song, 795
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor ought of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till long-expected morning looks at length
 Faint on their fields (where WINTER reigns alone),
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace. 800

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice
 Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,
 Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell, 805
 Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,

A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas, 810
 That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave —
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts, 815
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,
 That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks 820
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage, 825
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
 And his unweildy train, in horrid sport,

Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 830
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe, 835
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! — dread WINTER has subdu'd the year,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the desert plains.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends 840
 His solitary empire. Here, fond man!
 Behold thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering SPRING, thy SUMMER's ardent strength,
 Thy sober AUTUMN fading into age,
 And pale concluding WINTER comes at last, 845
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts, 850
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth 855
 Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole 860
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause, 865
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,

In starving solitude; while Luxury, 870
 In palaces, lay prompting his low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe, 875
 Imbitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distrest!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,
 And what you reckon evil is no more;
 The storms of WINTERY TIME will quickly pass, 880
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.





A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER ! these,
 Are but the VARIED GOD. The rolling YEAR
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing SPRING

Thy *Beauty* walks, thy *Tenderneſs* and *Love*.

Wide-fluſh the fields ; the ſoftening air is balm ;

Echo the mountains round ; the foreſts live ;

And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy *Glory* in the SUMMER-months,

With light, and heat, ſevere. Prone, then thy ſun

Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year.

And oft thy voice in awful thunder ſpeaks ;

And

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 A yellow-floating pomp, thy *Bounty* shines
 In AUTUMN unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap, 15
 Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower
 Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,
 Into the stores of steril WINTER pours.
 In WINTER *dreadful* THOU! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd, 20
 Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bid'st the world be low,
 And humblest nature with thy northen blast.

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! A simple train, 25
 Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,
 One following one in such enchanting sort,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming such a perfect whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. 30

But

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks THEE not, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the SPRING; 35
 Flings from the sun direct the FLAMING DAY;
 FEEDS every creature; hurls the TEMPEST forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend; join every living soul, 40
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 An universal HYMN! To HIM, ye gales,
 Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms! 45
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown void with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. 50

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main, 55
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his tremendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun elates, 60
 Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to HIM :
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep 65
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye Constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy creator, ever darting wide, 70
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On

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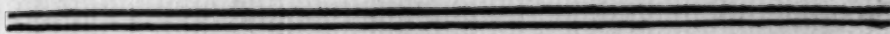
On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, 75
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
 And yet again the golden age returns.
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;
 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet philomela, charm
 The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour, 85
 Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note;
 That night, as well as day, may vouch his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
 Crown the great HYMN! In swarming cities vast, 90
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,

At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 To find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll. 100
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the BLOSSOM BLOWS, the SUMMER-RAY,
 Ruffets the plain, delicious AUTUMN gleams;
 Or WINTER rises in the reddening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more, 105
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge-
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds INDIAN mountains, or his setting beam 110
 Flames on th' ATLANTIC isles; 'tis nought to me;
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,

In the void waste, as in the city full ;
 Rolls the same kindred SEASONS round the world,
 In all apparent, wise, and good in all; 115
 Since HE sustains, and animates the whole ;
 From seeming evil still educes good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in light ineffable! 120
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE END.



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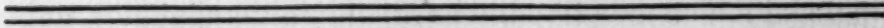
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.



P O E M

Second to the MEMORY of

MR ISAAC NEWTON.

Written to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

111



W. Kent. inv. et del.


J. Fourdriner. sculp.



P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

 HALL the great soul of NEWTON quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence; thun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name;
 But what can man? — Even now the sons of light,
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
 Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,

Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire

10

In Nature's general symphony to join.

AND what new wonders can ye show your guest!

Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil

Clouded in dust, from MOTION'S simple laws,

Could trace the secret hand of PROVIDENCE,

15

Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

HAVE ye not listen'd while he bound the SUNS,

And PLANETS to their spheres! th' unequal task

Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd

O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd

20

The pride of schools, before their course was known

Full in its causes and effects to him,

All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd

Romantic schemes, defended by the din

Of specious words, and tyranny of names;

25

But, bidding his amazing mind attend,

And with heroic patience years on years

Deep-

Deep-searching, saw at last the SYSTEM dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

WHAT were his raptures then! how pure! how strong! 30
And what the triumphs of old GREECE and ROME,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds 35
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

ALL intellectual eye, our SOLAR ROUND
First gazing thro, he by the blended power 40
Of GRAVITATION and PROJECTION saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve:
From unassisted vision hid, the MOONS,
To cheer remoter planets numerous pour'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45
He also fix'd the wandering QUEEN OF NIGHT,

244 *A P O E M to the Memory*

Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her every motion clear-discerning, He 50
 Adjusted to the mutual M A I N, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Refistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning; till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

 T H E N breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue Infinite; and every S T A R,
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into S U N S, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system: all combin'd, 65

And

nd rul'd unerring by that single Power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O UNPROFUSE magnificence divine!

O WISDOM truly perfect! thus to call

From a few causes such a scheme of things,

70

Effects so various, beautiful, and great,

An universe compleat! And O belov'd

Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,

The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd

The rising, moving, wide-establi'd frame.

75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd

The COMET thro' the long Elliptic curve,

As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;

Till, to the forehead of our evening sky

Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,

80

And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

THE Heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling VORTICES, and circling SPHERES,

To

246 *A POEM to the Memory*

To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain 85
To keep at odds with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When NEWTON rose, our philosophic sun. 90

TH' AERIAL flow of SOUND was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in.
Nor could the darting BEAM, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95
Even LIGHT ITSELF, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind, 100
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of PARENT-COLOURS. First the flaming RED
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny ORANGE next;

And

↓

And next delicious YELLOW; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing GREEN. 105

Then the pure BLUE, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd INDICO, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110
Dy'd in the fainting VIOLET away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of Beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

DID ever poet image ought so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook! 120
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,

Seen,

248 *A P O E M to the Memory*

Seen, GREENWICH, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beautiful the REFRACTIVE LAW.

THE noiseless TIDE of TIME, all bearing down 125
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stem'd alone; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

BUT who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in Fancy's lighter thought, 135
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?

WHAT wonder thence that his DEVOTION swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd University of things, 140

In

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In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that POWER
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

SAY, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys, 155
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

This, CONDUITT, from thy rural hours we hope;
As thro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours
Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk; 160

The social passions smiling at thy heart,
That glows with all the recollected sage.

AND you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime indearing privilege 165
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air? 170

BUT hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world — “ ’Tis done! — *The measure's full;*
“ *And I resign my charge.* — Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud 175
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship'd name of hoar antiquity,

Down to the dust! what Grandeur can ye boast
While NEWTON lifts his column to the skies, 180
Beyond the waste of time. — Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The Virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And Elegiac song. But NEWTON calls 185
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O BRITAIN'S boast! whether with angels thou 190
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 195
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From LIGHT HIMSELF; Oh look with pity down

On

252 *A POEM to the Memory of, &c.*

On humankind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her GENIUS call'd; her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

THE END.